GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS

ADULTS ONLY!! IT'S THE LAW!

NO. 4

35¢

Nard n' Pat

HEY LOOK KITTY-KAT! A GEN-YOO-WINE FORTUNE TELLIN' GYPSY STORE FRONT LADY! LET'S GIT OUR PALMS READ.
SURE BOSS. WHY NOT?!
PALMS READ

SURE LOOKS DARK AN' SPOOKY... HEY! IS ANYBODY HOME?!

WHO EES EET? VOT DOES YOU VANT?

ER NOTHIN'... I MEAN... THAT IS... WE CAME TA GIT OUR PALMS READ.
AH! ZEN YOU MUST CROSS MY PALM WEET' SEELVAR.

HERE YA' GO, FORTUNE TELLIN' GYPSY STORE FRONT LADY. AN' IF MY FORTUNE IS ANY GOOD I'LL EVEN THROW IN TH' LONE RANGER!

LET ME ZEE NOW... DEES LINE MEANS YOU EES A CREEP. DEES LINE SEZ YOU EES A GOOF... AND DEES LINE SHOWS DAT YOU EES A WIZE GUY. NOT MOOCH ELSE.
!

NOW YOUR KEETY-KAT'S PALM EES FAR MORE PROMEESEENG. HEE'S LINES REVEAL HEEM TO BE SUAVE... DEBOONAIRE... WEETY... PORCEPTIVE... AND HE WEEL SOON COME EENTO SOME BEEG MONEY!
YA' DON'T SAY.

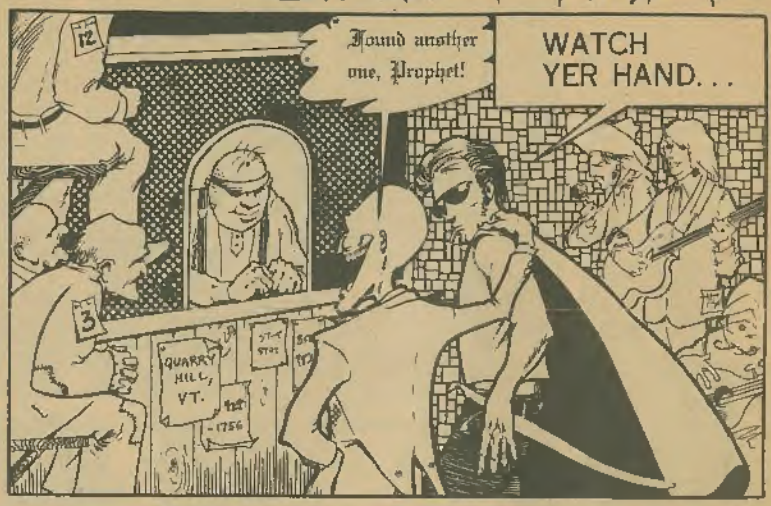
GOSH. COULD YA' RE-CHECK MY FUTURE IN YER CRYSTAL BALL?

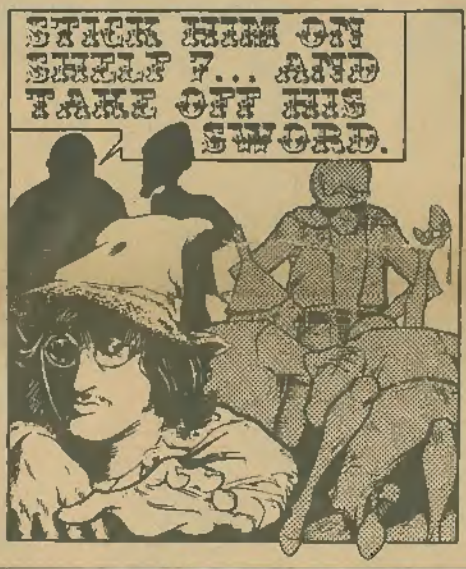
NO CHANCE KEED.

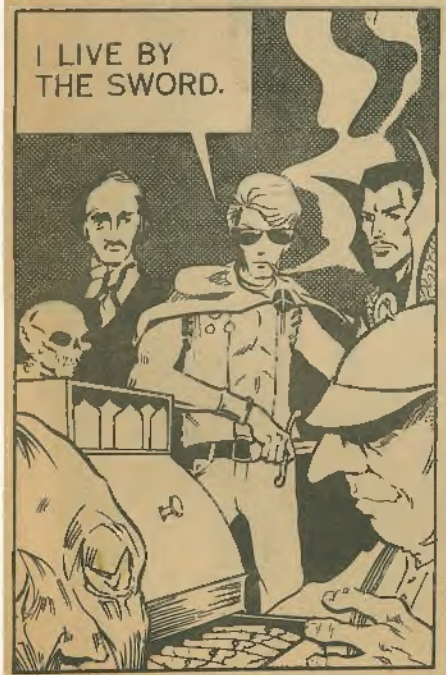
NO TIME. MY BOWLINK LEAGUE MEETS EEN TEN MEENEETS.
GYPSY BOWLING LEAGUE
JAYZEY LYNCH
?
THE END

PROPHET

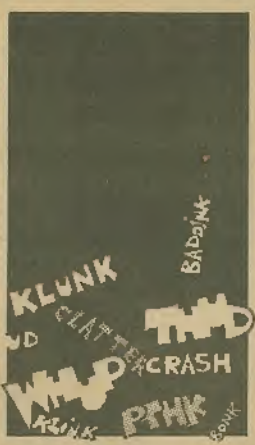
BY BHOB + HAMA





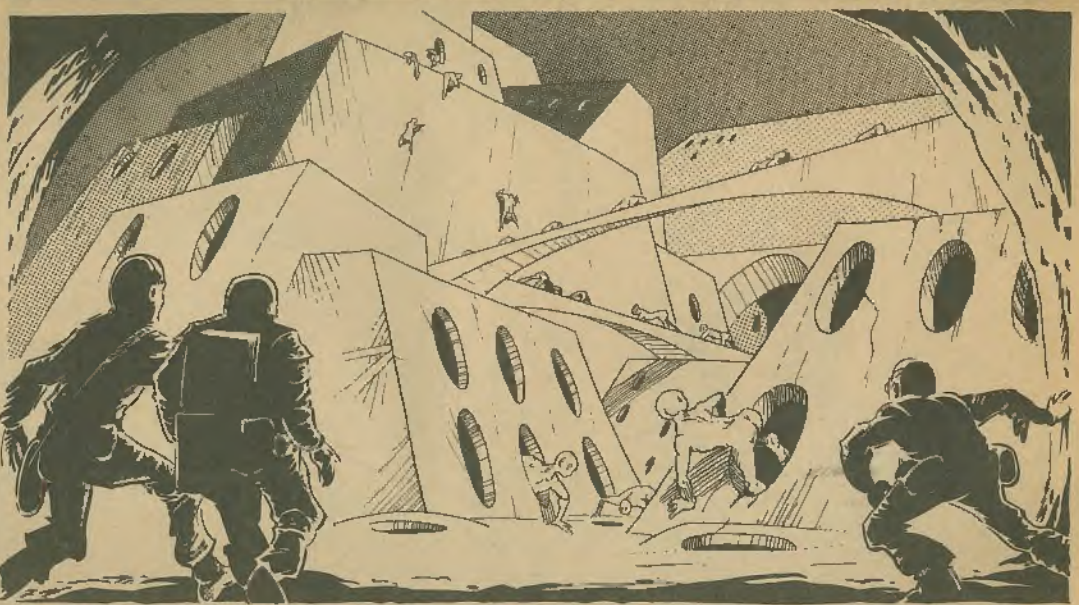


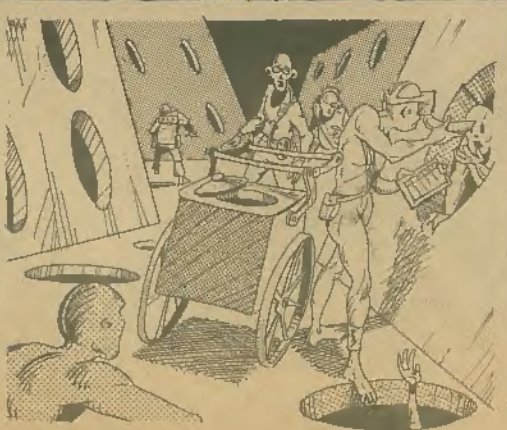
by Mitch

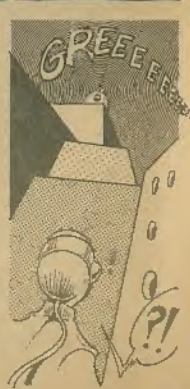

KLUNK
BADoink
CLATTER
THUD
CRASH
WHUP
PTHK
BONK

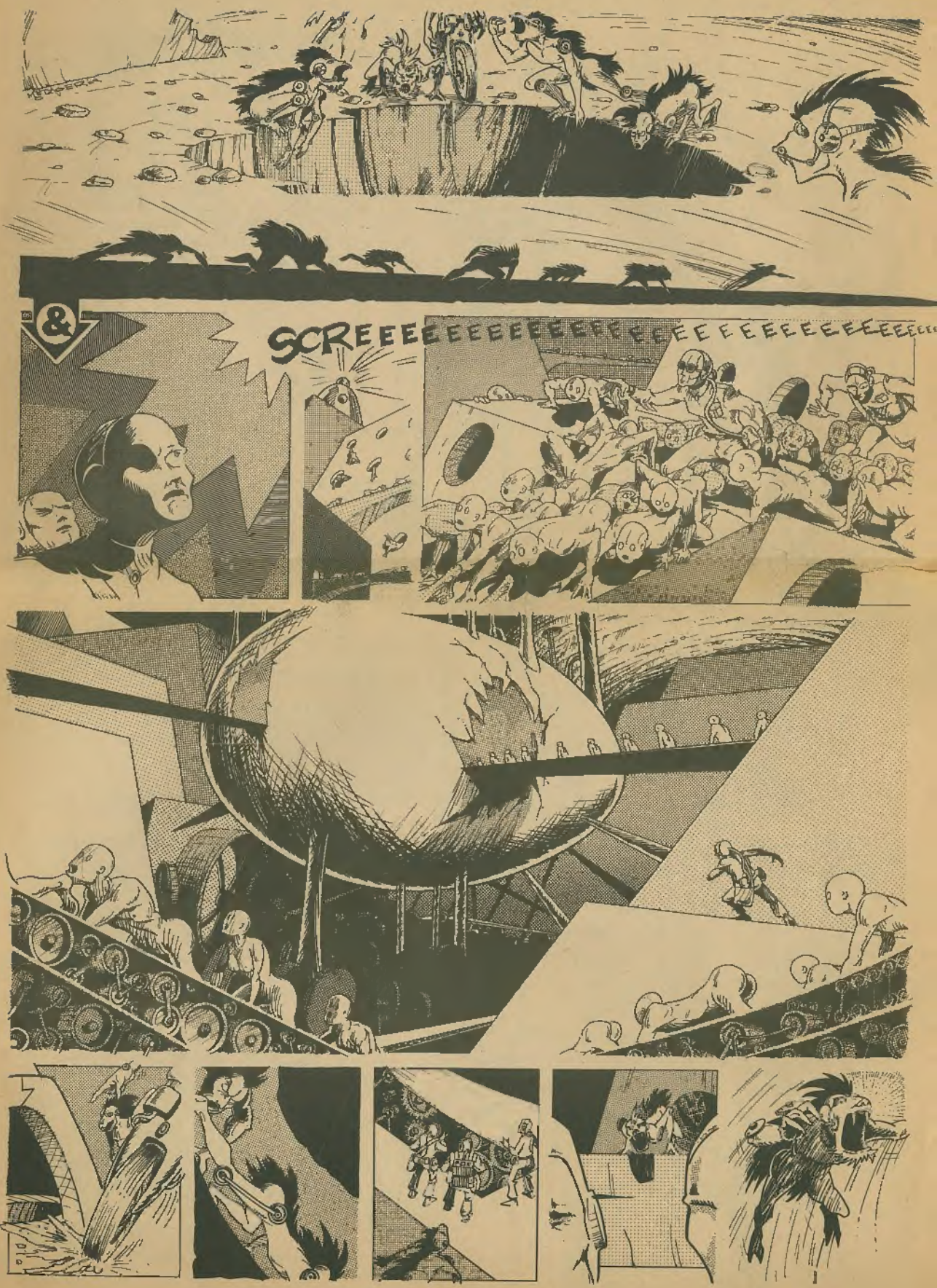
(GRUNT)
CLATTER

?






GREEEEE
?!


&
SCREEEE

the Adventures of ISADORE

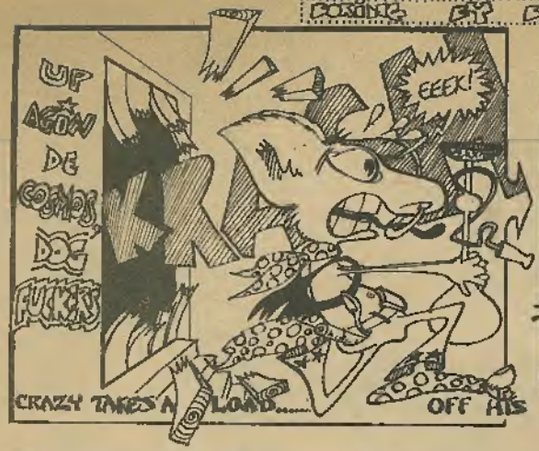
By Steve Stiles and Dick Lupoff

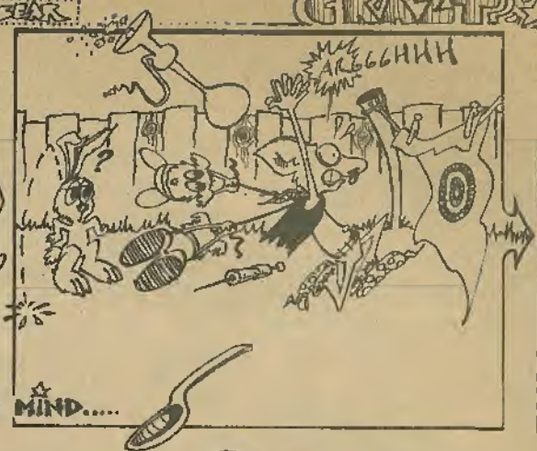
ON a busy STREET.....
EAT
...MY God...
MY God...
...WHY HAST THOU...
...FORSAKEN US...
©LUPOFF & STILES
CAPITALIST BRUTALITY DEHUMANIZES the STRUGGLING WORKERS....
WISH I WAS A SPACEMAN!
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP
JA SEE TH' MORNING TV NEWS?
YEAH! GODDAM TROUBLE MAKIN KIDS!
DEY NEED A Good SCRUBBIN' AN' A GOOD HAIRCUT!
NO DEY DON'T! DEY NEED A GOOD SMASHIN! YEAH!
STUCK
STUCK
HEY, ISADORE WHADDA YOU THINK?
M-MAYBE TH-THEY'RE TRYING T-TO TELL US S-SOMETHING BRAD.
NAH, NOT A CHANCE! YOU'RE TOO SOFT ON PUNKS, IZZY! DEY'RE JUST PUNKS!
AWRITE YOU GUYS! LET'S GET SOME WORK OUTTA HERE!
OR IN COMES MODEL 395 AND OUT YOU GOES!
AH.
ISADORE WANDERS AIMLESSLY...
DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF. GUESS I'LL JUST WANDER AIMLESSLY.
AS WORLD DICTATOR, I HEREBY COMMAND
...HEY, MAN ...YOU A FAG?
HEY, FAG!
AW and ORDER
HIT
KICK!
SOMEHOW, FIVE O'CLOCK COMES.

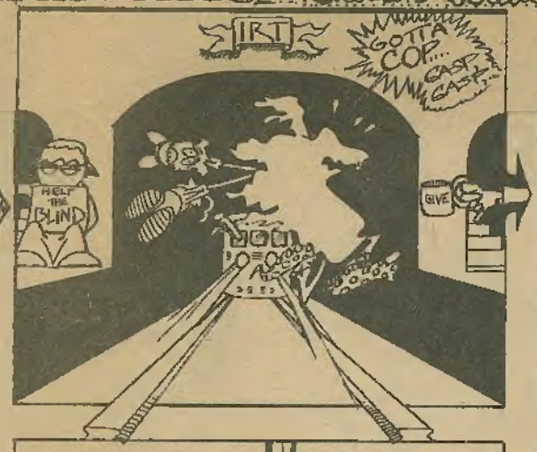
TO BE CONTINUED...DON'T MISS IT IF YOU CAN.

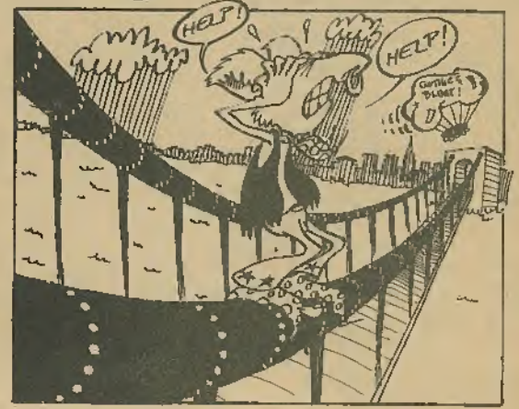
CRAZY RUSHES

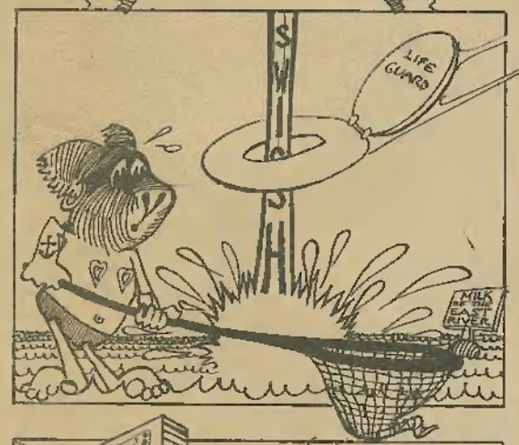
Chicken Scratch by Baby Jerry

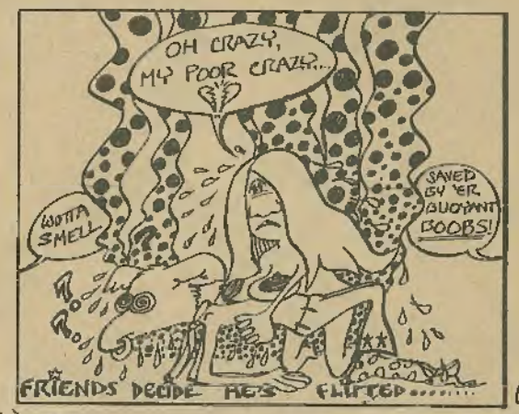


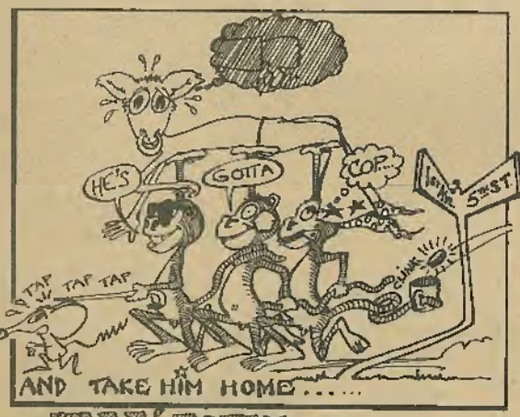


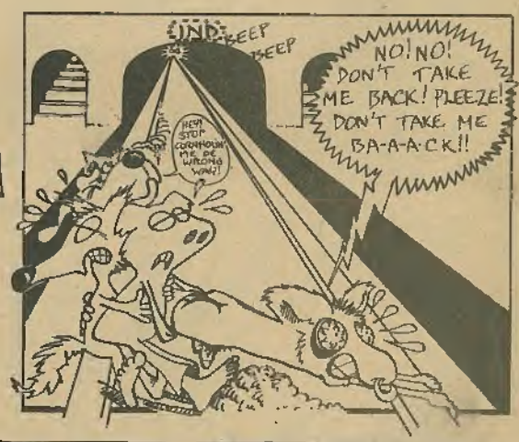


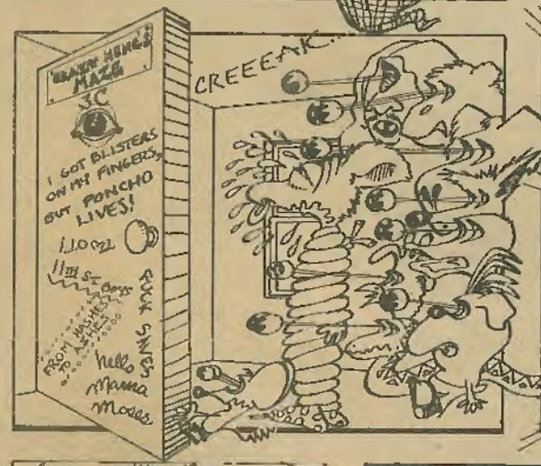


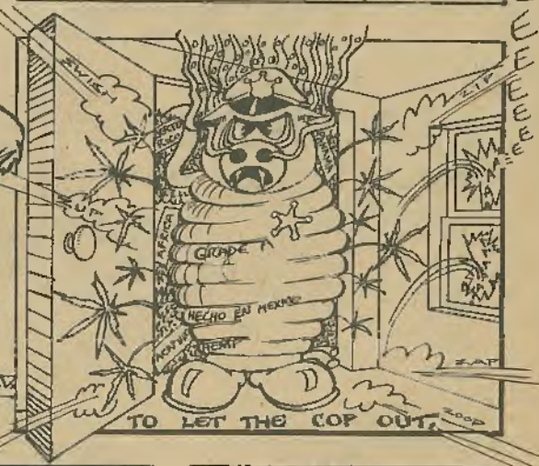


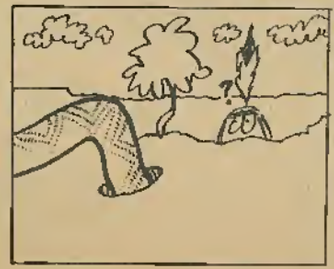


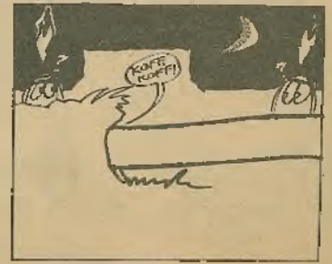


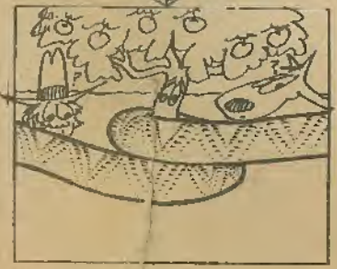








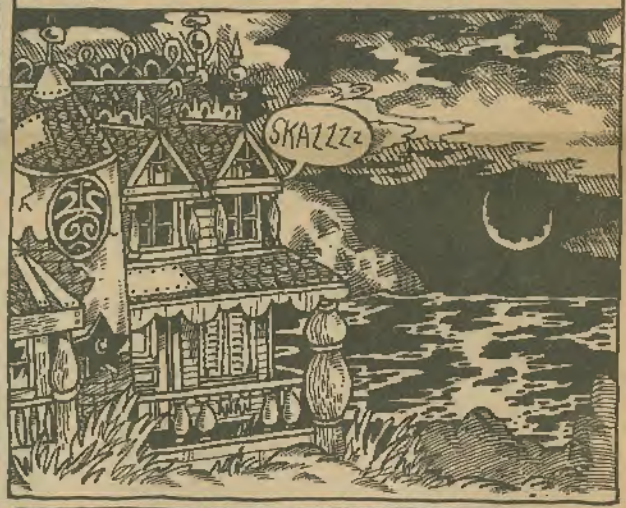




BOOGIE BOOGIE HORROR YARN

WILFRED FLANCE, WORLD FAMOUS HOAX EXHUMER AND ETHNO-RESEARCHIST WAS ASLEEP ONE NIGHT..

HIS MANSION, ALTHOUGH STARTING TO ROT AND CRUMBLE, WAS IDEALLY LOCATED ON THE EDGE OF THE MURKY GOOLUZZIAN SEA....



THOUSANDS OF GOOLUZZIAN SEA SAMPLES, MUSTY TOMES, AND OBTUSE APPARATUS FILLED FLANCE'S BASEMENT LABORATORY.. FOR YEARS HE HAD VAINLY ATTEMPTED TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE HORRID TIDE MONSTER..

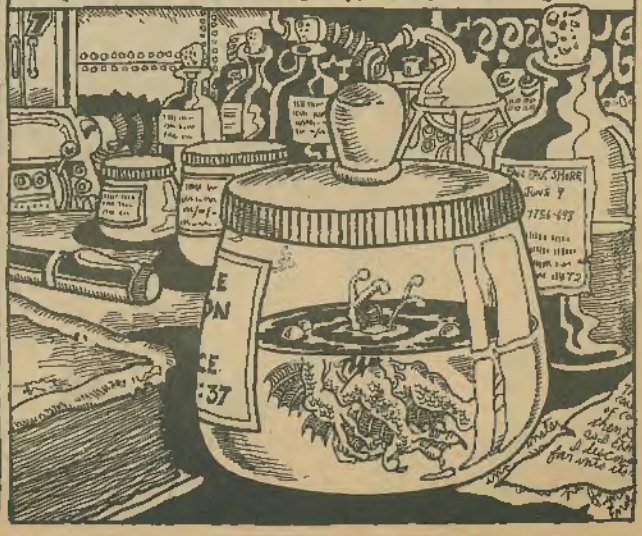
WHILE FLANCE SLEPT, HIS BEAUTIFUL BUT STRANGE ASSISTANT, FATIMA, KEPT WATCH OVER THE MANSION AND GUARDED HIS SLUMBER FROM INTRUSION...

MEANWHILE OUTSIDE, THE LOATHSOME TIDE MONSTER EMERGED FROM THE STINKING INKY WATER...

THE HIDEOUS CREATURE, OOZING SLIME ALL THE WAY, CREPT TO FLANCE'S MANSION, WHERE UPON IT BURST THROUGH THE DOOR! FATIMA EMPTIED HER AUTOMATIC INTO IT BEFORE BEING ENGULFED BY ITS PUTRID MAW..

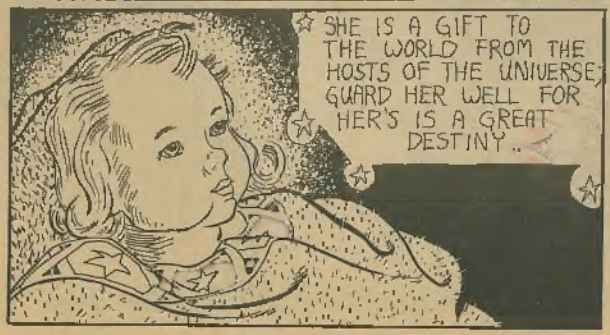
THE ODIOUS TIDE MONSTER THEN BROKE INTO FLANCE'S ROOM! HE AWOKE IN COLD HORROR AS IT LANDED UPON HIS BED, SECONDS LATER HE WAS MUSH IN ITS FOUL GULLET!

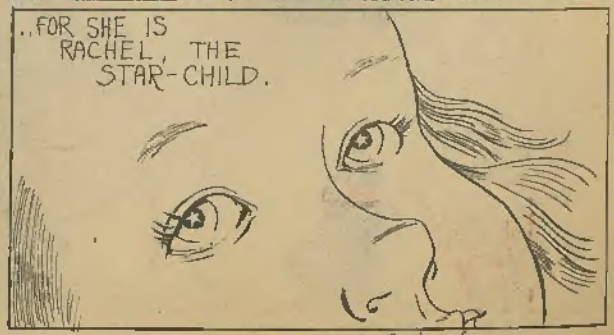
AS FATIMA AND WILFRED WERE BEING DIGESTED DEEP IN THE DISGUSTING CHURNING GUTS OF THE TIDE MONSTER, ANOTHER ONE GREW DOWNSTAIRS INSIDE A SEA SAMPLE... NO RIDDLE REMAINS, MISTER FLANCE..



Michael W. Kaluta ... ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN, CHILDREN OF THE FOREST, TO CARE FOR AND FULFILL THE NEEDS OF THIS YOUNG ONE. SHE SHALL BLOSSOM IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT, HIDDEN FROM THE DAWN..





Continued ...

THE CHUB
MISS TERRI
TRICKS
DOLLY
BUSY BOXES
ADVENTURE: THE CHUB TAKES A TRIP
HEY GIRLIE WANNA TAKE A TRIP....
HUH?
A TRIP
GUESS I'LL REST HERE AND EXPLORE LATER....
...CONTINUED LATER

DEJA VOO

BY KIM DEITCH

THE STORY THUS FAR,... WALDO, SUMMONED BY FELIX, AN AGING CIA OPERATIVE, HAS BEEN PREVAILED UPON BY A SPECIAL PRESIDENTIAL COMMISION, TO UNDERGO A BIZARRE MISSION

AS WE OPEN EPISODE TWO, DR. KEESLER CONTINUES HIS BRIEFING

IF I MAY CONTINUE GENTLEMEN

MILO'S PROGRESS WAS AMAZING! COUPLED WITH A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE COMPERABLE ONLY TO THE THIRST OF A BOWERY WINO,..... HIS INTELLECT WAS VASTLY MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN THAT OF ANY MAN.!

ITS TIME FOR YOUR NOON PLASMA MILO

MILO

DO NOT DISTURB!

GODLESS THING THAT HE WAS, I SOON DETECTED A KIND OF FLAW IN THE MAKEUP OF HIS PERSONALITY; HE WAS DEVOID OF ANYTHING RESEMBLING HUMAN WARMTH!!

WELL HAVE GROGAN BRING IT IN HERE! CAN'T YOU SEE IVE WORK TO DO?

BE THAT AS IT MAY, A TWINGE OF AFFECTION FOR THIS ERSATZ BRAINCHILD OF MINE, GREW WITH IN ME.

SIGH!

NOW, WHERE WAS I? AH YES.. MILO

HIS NEED FOR BLOOD BECAME A COMPULSION! SOON IT WAS NEARLY LUST!

GLAGLE (GASP) GLARG

THE MORE HE DRANK THE MORE GROTESQUE HIS MANNER BECAME

PANT PANT

I COULD SENSE SOMETHING WAS GOING TO GIVE!

MORE!

FINALLY IT HAPPENED. GROGAN, AN OLD FAMILY RETAINER, BROUGHT MILO HIS MORNING BLOOD ALLOTTMENT..... NEARLY SEVEN PINTS!

YOUR PLASMA SIRE

MILO

MASTER MILO PLEASE!

BANG!

OOOOOH-

IT WAS COLD BLOODED MURDER! ....OH, AND ANOTHER THING,

HUH?

THE AUTOPSY SHOWED THE BODY WAS TOTALLY DEVOID OF BLOOD!

WHOA!

BUT I STILL DONT GET IT! WHERE DO I COME IN?

IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE

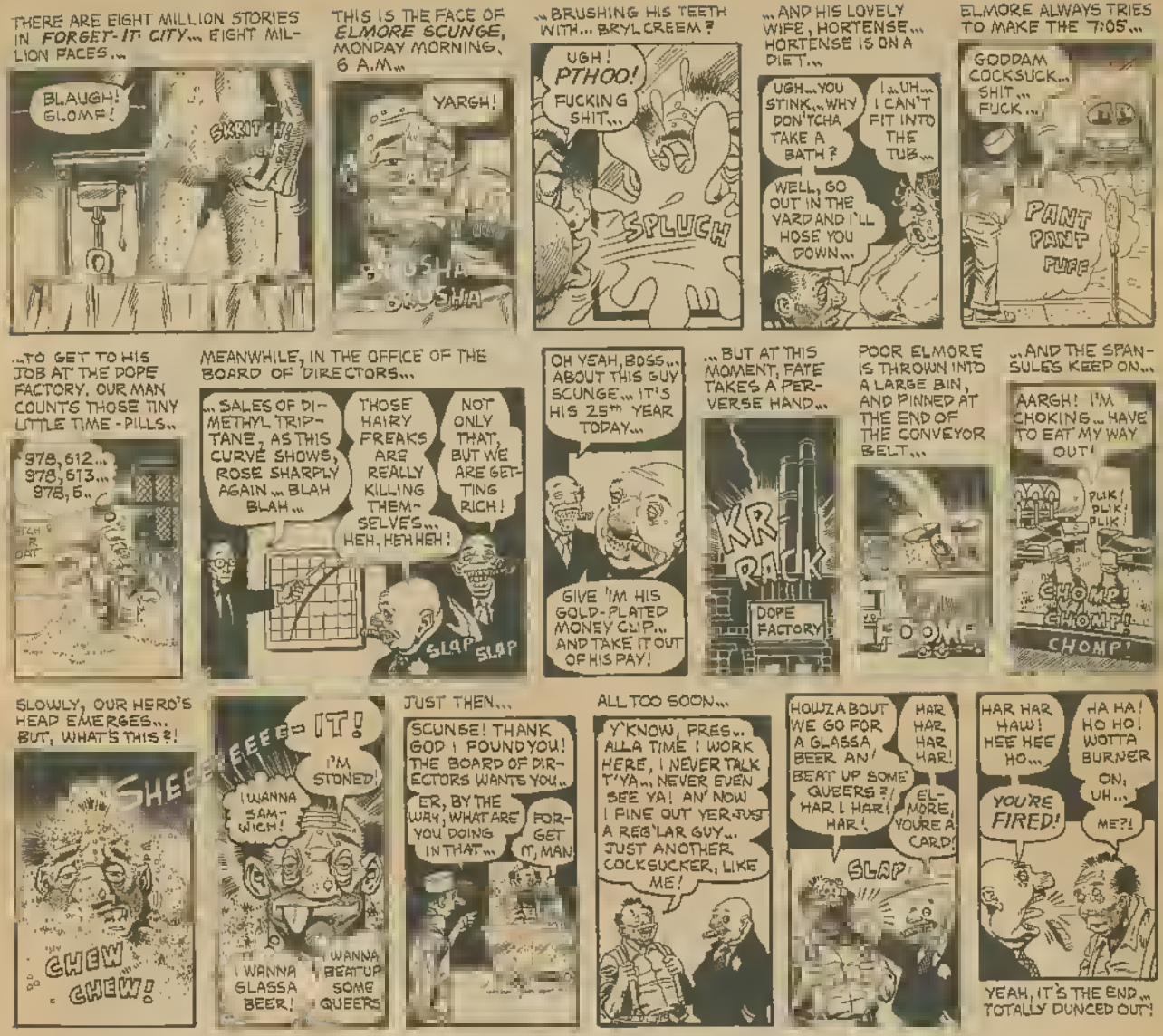
NINE LIFE... LAW OF CATS ... UNTOUCHABLE

IT IS A MATTER OF RECORD MY FELINE FRIEND, THAT THE ONLY SPECIES TO HAVE A SURPLUS OF LIVES (NINE TO BE EXACT), IS THE COMMON CAT

COMMON!

ALLRIGHT, ENOUGH BABBLING, LETS WARM UP THE MENDELECULATOR
CHECK
MENDELECULATOR MY ASS! I'M GETTIN OUT OF HERE!
WALDO! I'M SURPRIZED! I HAD YOU PEGGED FOR A TROUPER!
HELL, IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS BUM TICKER OF MINE, I'D DO IT MYSELF
NOTHIN DOING!
MOMENTS LATER
WELL, HERE GOES NOTHIN
GULP
THATS TH'STUFF!
RIGHT THIS WAY MY FRIEND
WITH A KENNEDY HALF DOLLAR GIVEN TO SUGS PERSONALLY BY PRESIDENT NIXON, DR. KEESLER ACTIVATED THE MENDELECULATOR!
WA WA WA WA WA WA
PLUNK
MOMENTS LATER, I WAS EJECTED..... IN A TOTALLY DORMANT STATE!
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE
AND FED INTO A FRESH BATCH OF ARTIFICIAL EMBRYONIC HOMUNCULI
THE NEXT DAY, UNDER A HEAVY VEIL OF SECRECY, EIGHT EXACT COPIES OF MY BLUE RIBBON CHROMOSOMES WERE MADE!!
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THERE WERE NO LESS THAN NINE OF ME!
WHAT TH..
..FUCKS GOIN....
..ON HERE!
NONE OF US TOOK TOO KINDLY TO THE CHANGE
WHY JUST LOOK AT THEM! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!
COME NOW GENERAL..!
THEY HAD FINGERED ME TO BE A NINE PEICE CAT, COMMANDO UNIT! WHATTA GREAT IDEA!
AS LONG AS THIS MILO REMAINS AT LARGE, NO MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD IS SAFE!
BECOMING NINE BEINGS UNDERSTANDABLY CAN BE A BIT UNSETTLING
G!!!G!
THE ADJUSTMENT PERIOD, THOUGH BRIEF IS A BIT UNPREDICTABLE
OKAY YOU MUGS KNOCK IT OFF
YOU MUTHA!
IT WILL SOON PASS
HMM
HEY LOOK THERE!
BOY, YOUVE GOT TO DO IT!
GROAN
ME CAGO EN DIOS!
RIGHT GANG, MILO'S NEXT VICTOM COULD BE YOU!!!

WILLY'S
HOTTEN-TOTTEN, ROOTIN-TOOTIN
GALLABANG GALLOOP-HOLE
IT'S KNICKNOKIN 'N CHOCK FULL!
BROUGHT TO YOU BY BILGEBOARD Salt Water Taffy
THIS LOOP-HOLE IS DEDICATED TO OUR NATIONAL SPACEMEN: THE GRATEFUL DEAD
LIKE THE SKYS ARE NOT CLOUDY
THANK BOYS: YOU TAKE ME AWAY!
GO GRATEFUL DEAD!!!!
TODAY
REMEMBER: WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO EAT BILGEBOARD TAFFY
BING!
WE WILL!
WE WILL!
OPEN
MORE!!!
MORE!!!
SOMEWHERE BELOW THE COMMOTION
IT DON'T STOP AT THE WATERLINE!
OR ANYWHERE!
HURRY HONEY, IT LOOKS LIKE A Loop de Lupe!
BE SURE TO WATCH FOR MORE BY THE WILEY ONE!
BILGEBOARD
Soon we'll be singing
So Long!
Thus has been a Loop de Lupe presentation
So Long So Long
So Long
MENDES JUNE 1969


THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN FORGET-IT-CITY... EIGHT MILLION FACES...
BLAUGH! GLOMF!
SKRIT CH!
THIS IS THE FACE OF ELMORE SCUNGE, MONDAY MORNING, 6 A.M...
YARGH!
BRUSHA BRUSHA
...BRUSHING HIS TEETH WITH... BRYLCREEM?
UGH! PTHOO! FUCKING SHIT...
SPLUCH
...AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, HORTENSE... HORTENSE IS ON A DIET...
UGH... YOU STINK... WHY DON'TCHA TAKE A BATH?
I...UH... I CAN'T FIT INTO THE TUB...
WELL, GO OUT IN THE YARD AND I'LL HOSE YOU DOWN...
ELMORE ALWAYS TRIES TO MAKE THE 7:05...
GODDAM COCKSUCK... SHIT... FUCK...
PANT PANT PUFF
...TO GET TO HIS JOB AT THE DOPE FACTORY, OUR MAN COUNTS THOSE TINY LITTLE TIME-PILLS...
978,612... 978,613... 978,5...
MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS...
...SALES OF DIMETHYL TRIPTANE, AS THIS CURVE SHOWS, ROSE SHARPLY AGAIN... BLAH BLAH...
THOSE HAIRY FREAKS ARE REALLY KILLING THEMSELVES... HEH, HEH HEH!
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WE ARE GETTING RICH!
SLAP SLAP
OH YEAH, BOSS... ABOUT THIS GUY SCUNGE... IT'S HIS 25TH YEAR TODAY...
GIVE 'IM HIS GOLD-PLATED MONEY CLIP... AND TAKE IT OUT OF HIS PAY!
...BUT AT THIS MOMENT, FATE TAKES A PERVERSE HAND...
KR-RACK
DOPE FACTORY
POOR ELMORE IS THROWN INTO A LARGE BIN, AND PINNED AT THE END OF THE CONVEYOR BELT...
DOOM
...AND THE SPANSULES KEEP ON...
AARGH! I'M CHOKING... HAVE TO EAT MY WAY OUT!
PLIK! PLIK! PLIK!
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
SLOWLY, OUR HERO'S HEAD EMERGES... BUT, WHAT'S THIS?!
SHEEEEEW
CHEW CHEW!
IT!
I'M STONED!
I WANNA SAMWICH!
I WANNA GLASSA BEER!
I WANNA BEAT UP SOME QUEERS
JUST THEN...
SCUNGE! THANK GOD I FOUND YOU! THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS WANTS YOU...
ER, BY THE WAY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THAT...
FORGET IT, MAN
ALL TOO SOON...
Y'KNOW, PRES... ALLA TIME I WORK HERE, I NEVER TALK T'YA... NEVER EVEN SEE YA! AN' NOW I FINE OUT YER JUST A REG'LAR GUY... JUST ANOTHER COCKSUCKER, LIKE ME!
HOWJA BOUT WE GO FOR A GLASSA BEER AN' BEAT UP SOME QUEERS?! HAR! HAR! HAR!
HAR HAR HAR!
ELMORE, YOU'RE A CARD!
SLAP
HAR HAR HAW! HEE HEE HO...
YOU'RE FIRED!
HA HA! HO HO! WOTTA BURNER ON, UH... ME?!
YEAH, IT'S THE END... TOTALLY DUNCED OUT!

BRAIN FUCK
PLEASE HELP ME...
REESE
I CAN'T STOP MYSELF!
OH MY GOD-
SOMEBODY... PLEASE
BASH!
OH GOD!
I CAN'T STAND IT!
BASH! BASH!
OH! YOU POOR GIRL... I'LL JUST TAKE THAT ROCK AND...
WOP!
TR MP! MP!
PLEASE HELP ME...
BASH!
BASH!

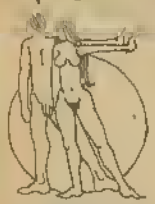
Tales of the Anarchist Crazies: BOOK ONE: THE TALE OF

APRIL__! 197_! IN THE GAY, EXOTIC BOHEMIAN SECTION OF A TEEMING METROPOLIS, A STRANGE INTERCHANGE OCCURS!!!.....
SALT HAIR PIES
HEY MAN!.. GOTANY SPARECHANGE?
TURN TO SHIT.
I'LL PUSSY
ALMOST

NELLIE NEATEES

°°oMEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY...FRICTION ERUPTS BETWEEN SUSAN BLUE AND LARRY.

GUN AND PASSPORT COMICS
BE BRAVE OR BE FINE



The Lovers Depart From the Land of Death.
·1969·

BUT WHY SUSAN?!
PLEASE LARRY. I'LL SUCK YOU OFF AGAIN.. I'D LOVE TO... BUT DON'T ASK ME TO DO THAT...
HOW TO TELL HIM WITHOUT HURTING HIS FEELINGS?! ...THERE ARE SOME LEVELS OF FREEDOM FOR WHICH I AM STILL UNPREPARED!...
THEN LET ME DO IT IN YOUR ASS.
WET IT FIRST LARRY! BUT... HURRY... I'M ALREADY LATE FOR WORK!

MEANWHILE! THE ARTIST REJECTS THE EGO-INVOLVED SUB-PORNOGRAPHIC FORMALISM, OBSCURANTISM AND MINDLESS METAFASCIST SENSATIONALISM OF MOST AVANT GARDE COMIX, AND ASKS...

IS IT POSSIBLE TO ADVANCE THIS MEDIUM TO THE POINT WHERE IT CONTAINS REAL HUMOR, ADVENTURE, SEXUALITY, THOUGHT...IN SHORT, GENUINE AESTHETIC EXCITEMENT?!!! WHO THE FUCK KNOWS!

STREET OF NIGHT

...URE ...WILL A... ...is lying down on a soft surface, with her legs apart. She slightly elevates her ...cks and closes her eyes. Im... her lover mounts on her: he lubricates her ass/hole with his tongue. ...her fingertips spread open the lips of her wet pussy he sticks the head of his cock into her cunt. She groans with pleasure. He shoves his cock all the way into her. She groans again. He slides his left hand between his ... and her ass and sticks his middle finger into her ass/hole to the ... knuckle. He pushes his right hand under her belly, to ... with his full weight pushing down on her, gently her swollen clit with one finger. He jams his ... and out of her, and this movement agitates her ... her ass/hole and her clit all at once. ... heaves her ass ingenely. He comes, ... eeling his hot sperm shooting inside her belly, rubs ... her and arches her and in ... comes ...ersely ... and ... pussy juice pour out ... her cunt around the ... of his still plunging dick. The ... ions of her ass & pussy muscles ... whole transaction is completed. ... cornerstones of the New Am... All about this that is right & proper!

feels the contrac... around his finger & dick. This all WITHOUT the use of drugs, those ...erican Fascism... There! One has said

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN:

AND NOW TO TEST THE TECHNIQUE A LONG RANGE....

...WELL IT'S A BUSY DAY HERE AT THE PENTAGON! THOUSANDS OF PEACE CREEPS ARE OUT FOR THE ANNUAL PEAC DEMONSTRATION...

TURN TO SHIT.

YES, THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER ARE HAVING A HARD TIME HERE ON THE STEPS! THEY...WAIT! WAIT!! WHA!, THE THE... CROWD! IT'S GONE!!.. N-NOTHING B-BUT A SEA! HUGE

SPLOOSH

LATER!! SUSAN BLUE PURSUES HER JOB AS SOCIAL WORKER FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMIC DEPREDATION.

HOW DOES YO' LAHK MAH ROACHES MISSY BLEW?! AH GOT DEM WIFF DE FUNICHOOR... SPESHUL...IN DEC'RATER CULLURS!

I MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO SHOW MY MIDDLE CLASS CULTURAL BIAS BY SEEMING TO DISAPPROVE OF HER TASTES!

THEY'RE V... DECORATIVE.

And shortly after the close of day in the Rose Room of the White House, PRESIDENT NIXON relaxes with his wife PAT, who addresses him with words of gentle affection.

DON'T KNOW DEAR... I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE!

DON'T START THAT AGAIN, YOU JIVE FREAK SLIME SHITFACE, YOU! BESIDES...

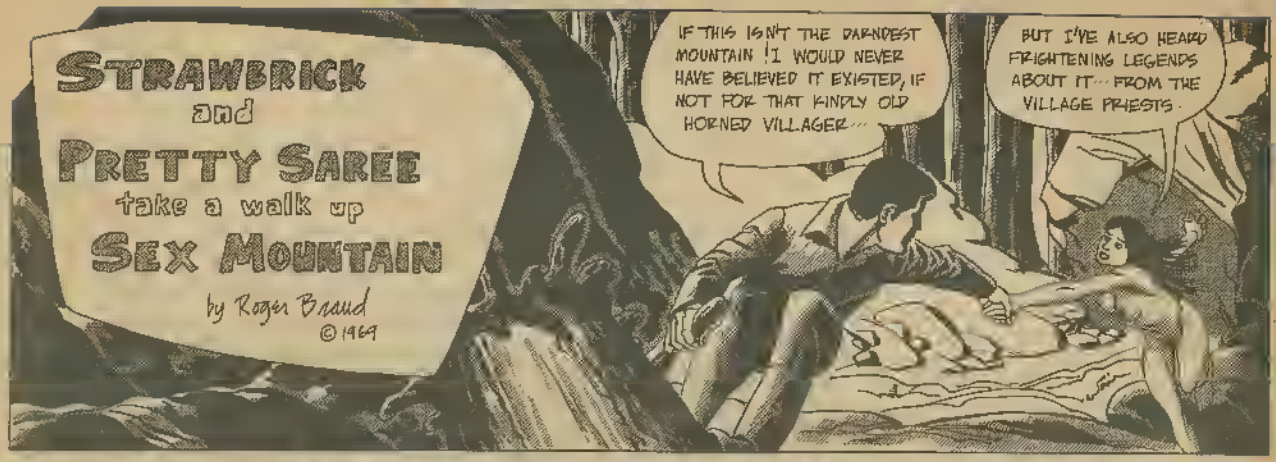
I'VE GOT A MAN WORKING ON IT!!...

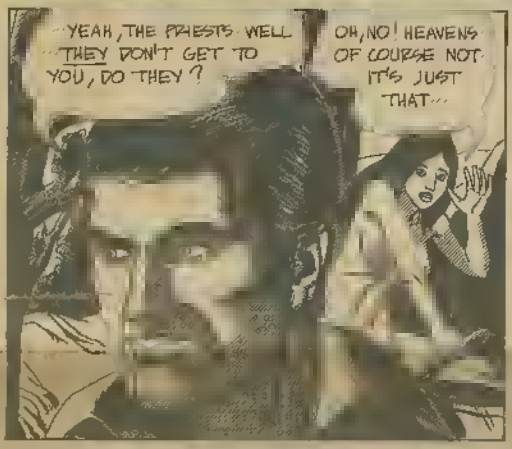
R. JACCOMA 1969

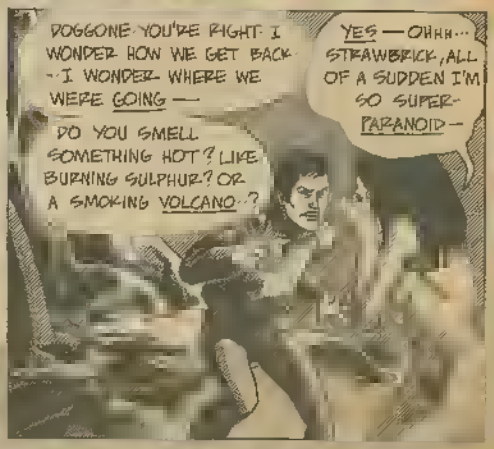
CONTINUED!!!

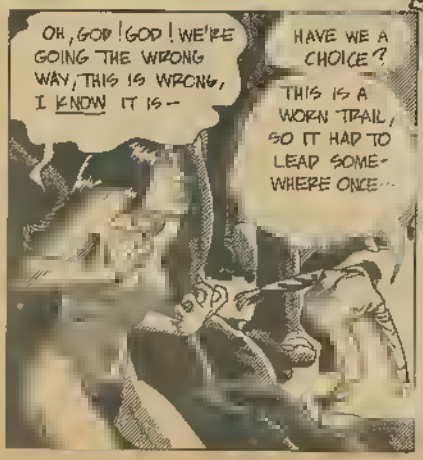
STRAWBRICK and PRETTY SAREE take a walk up SEX MOUNTAIN

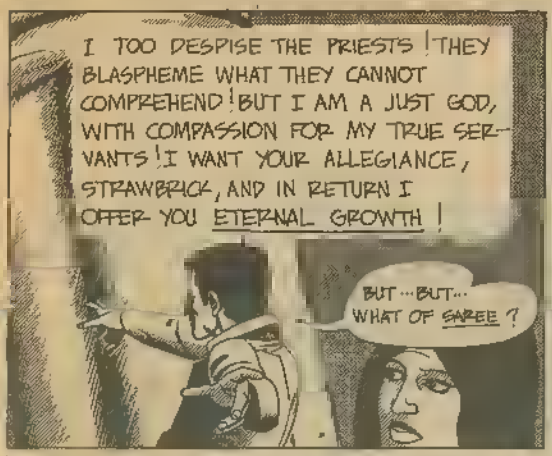
by Roger Braud
©1969

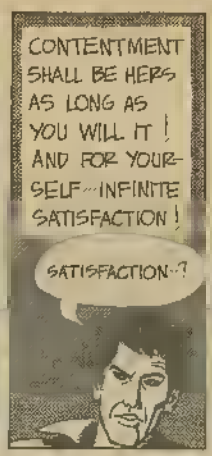

IF THIS ISN'T THE DARNDEST MOUNTAIN! I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT EXISTED, IF NOT FOR THAT KINDLY OLD HORNED VILLAGER...
BUT I'VE ALSO HEARD FRIGHTENING LEGENDS ABOUT IT... FROM THE VILLAGE PRIESTS.

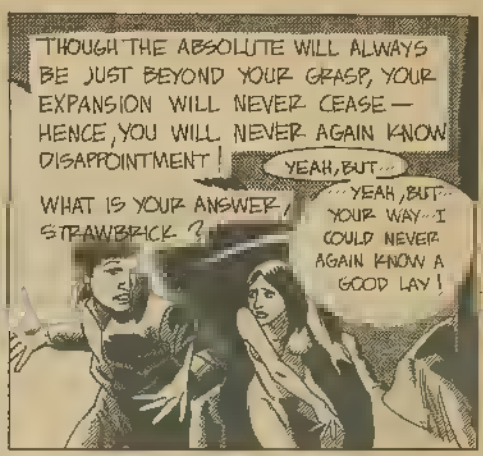



DOGGONE YOU'RE RIGHT I WONDER HOW WE GET BACK - I WONDER WHERE WE WERE GOING —
DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING HOT? LIKE BURNING SULPHUR? OR A SMOKING VOLCANO?
YES — OHHH... STRAWBRICK, ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M SO SUPER- PARANOID —


OH, GOD! GOD! WE'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY, THIS IS WRONG, I KNOW IT IS —
HAVE WE A CHOICE?
THIS IS A WORN TRAIL, SO IT HAD TO LEAD SOME- WHERE ONCE...


I TOO DESPISE THE PRIESTS! THEY BLASPHEME WHAT THEY CANNOT COMPREHEND! BUT I AM A JUST GOD, WITH COMPASSION FOR MY TRUE SERVANTS! I WANT YOUR ALLEGIANCE, STRAWBRICK, AND IN RETURN I OFFER YOU ETERNAL GROWTH!
BUT...BUT... WHAT OF SAREE?

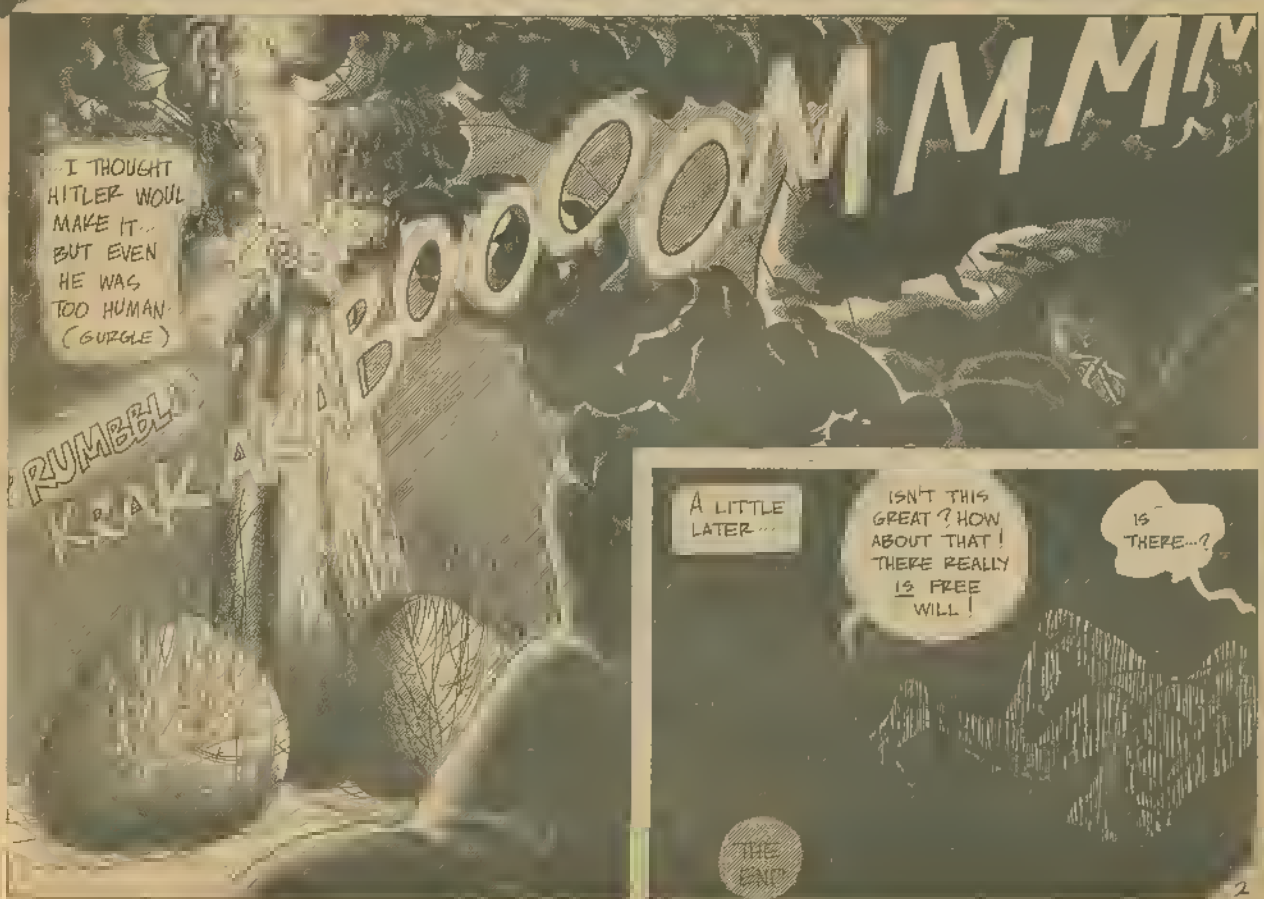

CONTENTMENT SHALL BE HERS AS LONG AS YOU WILL IT! AND FOR YOURSELF--INFINITE SATISFACTION!
SATISFACTION--?


THOUGH THE ABSOLUTE WILL ALWAYS BE JUST BEYOND YOUR GRASP, YOUR EXPANSION WILL NEVER CEASE— HENCE, YOU WILL NEVER AGAIN KNOW DISAPPOINTMENT!
WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER, STRAWBRICK?
YEAH, BUT...
...YEAH, BUT... YOUR WAY--I COULD NEVER AGAIN KNOW A GOOD LAY!

HECK WITH THAT! WE CAME UP HERE TO SCREW.
YOU DARE TO DEFY ME? YOU SPURN MY ADVANCE?

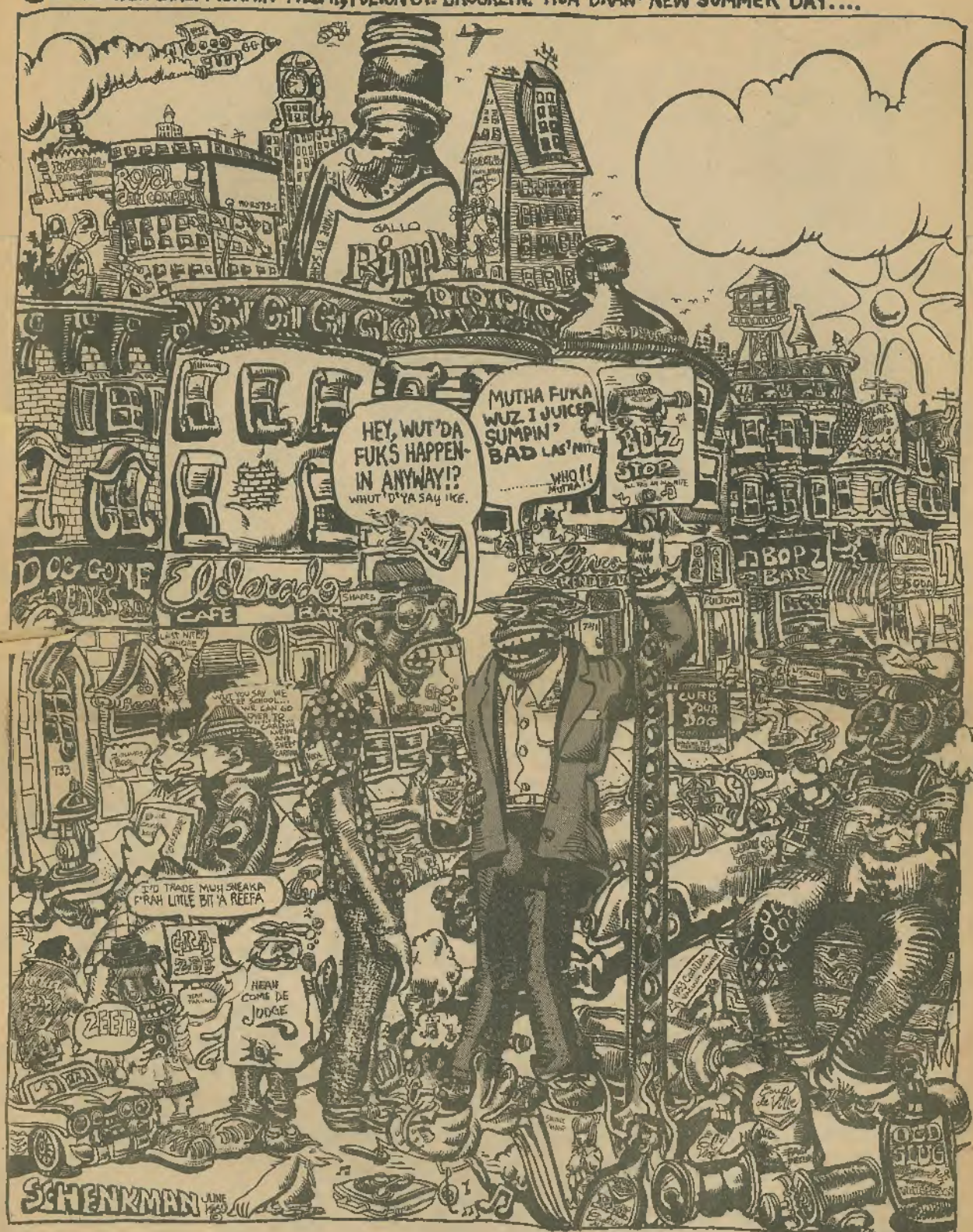
THEN BEWARE MY WRATH!!
RRRRU

MAN! HEAD FOR COVER!
UMMMMBBLLRRRRRUMB


I THOUGHT HITLER WOUL MAKE IT... BUT EVEN HE WAS TOO HUMAN. (GURGLE)
RUMBLE!
KAKA
BOOOOMMMM
A LITTLE LATER...
ISN'T THIS GREAT? HOW ABOUT THAT! THERE REALLY IS FREE WILL!
IS THERE...?
THE END

HERE I GO, PETER... YOU GONNA SEE ONE WHOPPIN' POWERFUL DISPLAY OF WIZARD CONJURIN'... LET'S SEE IF WE GETS A SATURN C BOOSTER WIF AN APOLLO CAPSULE..... GOTTA TAKE A DEEP BREATH ... HAAAA
GOSH!
ERRRR
WRRH!
HUM... DAT'S NICE, BUT I DON'T THINK IT QUITE WHAT WE WANTS...
OOOOH, A ENGLISH TOWN CHARIOT, MODEL 1746... I WONDER...
I GOTTA RECHECK MY MAGIC FORMULA HERE... AH... UM... YEP, JUST AS I THOUGHT, I MIXED UP A: HARVY BLUE BETA PATTERN FO A ALPHA WILLIAM GREEN !!. HOW SILLY OF ME... LET'S TRY IT NOW...
MY.
GET BACK HERE! GOES AGH...!
WHIPUNK!
USA
WELL, DAT'S STILL NOT EXACTLY A SATURN C WIF AN APOLLO ON ITS TOP, BUT I GUESS IT'LL DO..... I BELIEVES I HAS CONJURED UP A: ONE-MAN, ANTI-GRAVITY MOON BEAM COMET... GOOD! NOW I GOTTA GET YOU READY, KID.
ME!?
YEAH, YOU!.. YOU DON'T THINK FO' ONE MINUTE I'D RIDE IN DAT PILE OF JUNK!.. DAT'S WHAT APPRENTICES IS FOR... IF YOU WANTS TO GROW UP TO BE A GREAT WIZARD LIKE ME, YOU GOTTA EXPECT DA DIRTY WORK...
OH NO, I NOT GOIN' UP IN DAT THING !!. I DO A LOT FOR YOU, MR. WIZARD, BUT... DAT'S... ASKIN' TOO MUCH..... .... ISN'T IT?...
I DON'T WANT TO. AH, INFLUENCE YOU DECISION, KID.. YOU DON'T HAS TO GO IF YOU REALLY DON'T WANT TO... BUT IF YOU DON'T DO IT, I GONNA TURN YOU INTO A HOPPY TOAD!!
NOW THAT'S BETTER, PETER... YOU GONNA LOVE DA MOON... ...HUM, I GOTTA SUIT YOUSE UP IN SPACE TOGS... YOU HASTA' LOOK DA PART AN ALL... I BETTER MOVE BACK A LITTLE IN CASE I ACCIDENTALLY BLOWS YOU UP....
SNIF SNIF.

HI KIDS
X-TRACKSEEN
comix presents
DECENCY DAN WITH AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO ALL DECENT YOUTH ON HOW TO HANDLE THOSE TROUBLESOME FAR-OUT FREAKS!
DUZ
NON-AGRESSIVE ACTION
HEY HAVE I FOGGIN' GOT IT!
IT'S SIMPLE! WHEN ONE A THOSE HAIRY SCUMBAGS SHOWS UP SPOUTIN' HIS WEIRD IDEAS, JUST DO THIS...
HEY!
DON'T STAND FOR IT! JUMP RIGHT IN AND PISS ALL OVER 'EM FROM HEAD TO FOOT!!
THEN, SOAP 'EM UP REAL GOOD! SURPRISE IS THE SECRET HERE, FRIENDS!
WHA--?
NO
NO NO AAHH
DON'T MIND THE PROTESTS. REMEMBER, THESE PEOPLE ARE REALLY JUST CALLIN' OUT FOR HELP!
UGH
GOODAM SOMETZ
CRAWL CRAWL
NNGAHHHH
THEN, RINSE.
YESSIR... YA SURE GOT ME THAT TIME DAN!
SEE? THESE KIDS AREN'T SO BAD... BUT YA GOTTA TAKE A GOOD FIRM STAND WITH 'EM!
AND REMEMBER GANG... MY ROD HERE MAY LOOK SMALL, BUT IT'S ONLY CAUSE I TAKE 317 COLD SHOWERS EVERY DAY. SO... DON'T BE FOOLED, OR YOU MAY BE NEXT!
WILLY MURPHY


GETTING HIGH EARLY MORNIN' FRIDAY, FULTON ST. BROOKLYN. ITSA BRAN' NEW SUMMER DAY....
HEY, WUT'DA FUK'S HAPPEN-IN ANYWAY!?
WHUT'D'YA SAY IKE.
MUTHA FUKA WUZ I JUICED SUMPIN' BAD LAS' NITE
WHO MUTHA!!
BUZ STOP
Eldorado CAFE BAR
BOPZ BAR
DOG GONE
Lines
CURB YOUR DOG
I'D TRADE MUH SNEAKA F'RAH LITTLE BIT 'A REEFA
HEAH COME DE JODGE
OLD SLUG
SCHENKMAN JUNE

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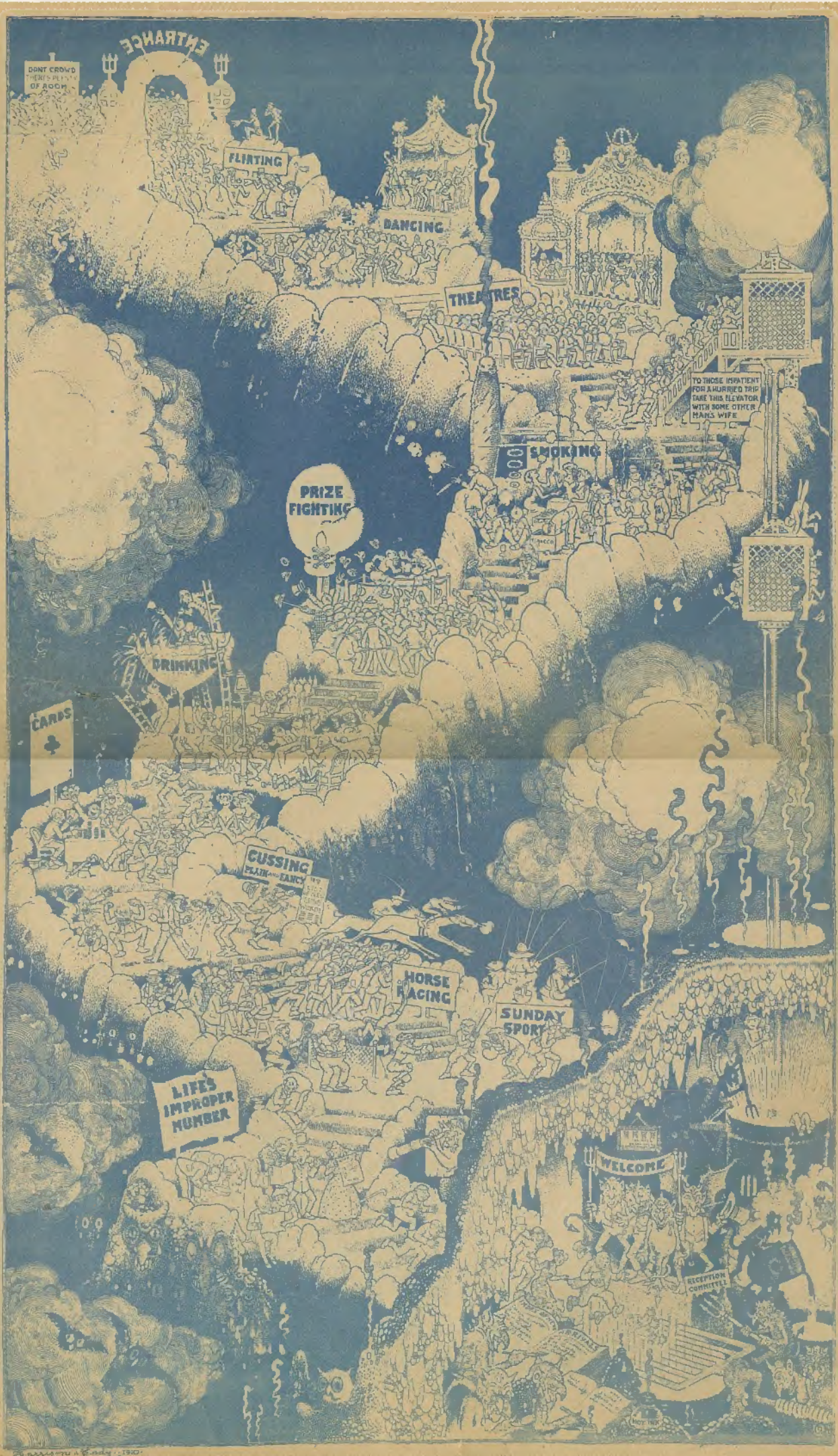
NAME _____
STREET + NUMBER _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PANTHEA
By Jinna
And so I am commissioned by the great millionaire collector, J. Ferdinand Hubris...
...to seek out this lion mutation called by your people PANTHEA and bring back... its PELT!
NEVER will my people help you! She-who-walks-like-a-lion is sacred!
DARKEST AFRICA TODAY... FAMOUS "WHITEY" HUNTER, ALBINO EXPLORER, ARRIVES ON A CURIOUS MISSION...
Superstitious fools! J.F. is offering me 50,000 for this beasts pelt! I must find PANTHEA!
Suddenly!
You called PANTHEA, white stranger?
$-PANTHEA?!? $50,000?!?
White stranger smells good... natives all smell like Rhinoceros fat!
Oh, yes! PANTHEA LIKES WHITE STRANGER VERY MUCH!
!?!$50,000!?!
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM
J.F. HUBRIS NEW YORK CITY
ARRIVING WITH PELT HAVE CHECK READY WHITEY
Okay Hubris, where's my check?
Not so fast whitey, where's my pelt?
...RIGHT HERE!
LATER... J.F. HUBRIS' LUSH PENTHOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY...
NEXT: The Big City!


ENTRANCE
DONT CROWD THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM
FLIRTING
DANCING
THEATRES
TO THOSE IMPATIENT FOR A HURRIED TRIP TAKE THIS ELEVATOR WITH SOME OTHER MANS WIFE
SMOKING
PRIZE FIGHTING
DRINKING
CARDS
CUSSING
PLAIN AND FANCY
HORSE RACING
SUNDAY SPORT
LIFES IMPROPER NUMBER
WELCOME
RECEPTION COMMITTEE